

SLEEPING WITH LEO, 20 MONTHS

On a blanket folded in half
on the floor of his darkened nursery,
I pull him to my chest.
I press the heel of my palm
against his breastbone.
I hook my fingers beneath his ribs,
crush my lips and nose
against the back of his damp head.
I close my eyes and wait for him to snore.

Is this what you want?
Forever?
Nothing more?
Yes, please. Yes.